A

PARAPHRASE

Upon Justice;

Or the powerful Operation of GOLD:

WITH

some Resentments against the Proceedings of the

CATHOLICK-CAUSE.

1679.

THat Gold more powerful should than Justice sway,
or *Indian*-dust, should *Englands* Trust betray!
What boarding Omens of Approaching Fate,
With dusky Wings attends that falling State?
Where Justice staggers, and the splendid Laws,
Suffer Eclipses, in a *Roman* Cause.
What can we think, when *Astrea* thus ascend;
And Cloud, invading *Magna Charta* bends?
Press'd with the weight of too too ponderous O're
Which Scarlet Robes, Ah me, too oft Adore.
If 'tis a Sin to injure Innocence,
'Tis worse indulging him who gave Offence:
For what should Men to Justice have regard,
When hated Treason scapes its just reward?
The trembling Universe must surely groan,
When such pass by who undermine a Throan.
Wrack'd Orbs must shiver in a Storm like this,
No Nation can hereafter hope for Peace;
When swell'd with such success, the Murdering Rout
Like swarms of Locusts, are dispers'd about.
Unsafe are Crowns, and sacred Monarchs too;
If Traitors are upheld in what they do.
When Laws, alas, like Spiders Webs are made,
The Great escape, the less by Death are stay'd.
But Justice in it self does Splendid prove,
It owns no Passion, made of Fear, or Love.
In equal Scales she weighs the Cause, and then,
Destructive Mammon, dares not thrust between.
That Conscience sure, is a continual Feast,
Where neither Love, Revenge, nor Interest

Can

Can bribe; to prevent cate, 'twas happy sure,
If Monarchs in all Ages could procure
Such faithful Props, whose Candid Souls ne'r knew,
That Gold had power to render Man untrue;
Or over-lavish Mines, could baffle Death,
Pronouncing Guilty, Guiltless, with one Breath.
That like the Orbs, an Art there could be found,
Or pow'rful Charms, to hurry Conscience round.
'Tis sure, if we such Virtues could possess,
They'd much augment our Nations Happiness.
Then *England* would the Land of Promise prove,
Founded on Basis made of perfect Love.
No Evening Wolves, nor lurking Serpents Power,
Could hiss at Kings, nor Subjects Wealths devour.
No *Roman* Basilicks could e're prevail,
With Golden Heads, their poisoning Art would fail.
The best of Princes might repose secure,
Whom wise Omnipotence does still immure.
Whil'st Guards of Angels, an Eternal Quire;
Inclose him round, in vain does Hell conspire.
And his first born, with Floods of Rage incence;
His Virtue's Addamant for his Defence.
With flaming Swords, the bright *Seraphick* Band,
(Against whose Arms, not Earth nor Hell can stand)
Have strict Command to save him from his Foes,
Who Vipers like, his Royal Self inclose:
Whilst Gownmen wink at Treason, and pass by;
The black Designers, of all Villany.
Could it be thought, a Traitors Golden Hook
Tho Baits of Angels dangl'd, could have took
So soon; and from its primal Element,
A Soul professing Loyalty have bent?
Or to have freed a Wretch, whose horrid Hand;
Pail Poison mix'd, to ruine all the Land!
Strengthen'd with Fictious Blessings from that Train;
Whose Scarlet Mistriss does o'e Nations Reign.
By Tyranny, makes Kingdoms blush with Blood;
None dares converse with her, that dares be good.
Witness her Agents, blast ye powers above,
Their Thoughts for ever, let no Peace nor Love,

In

In her dire Habitations to abide,
No more let Empire in her Smiles Confide.
For why, her Shapes beyond *Proteus* are;
If she wants power to manage her affair.
She like a Scorpion, in sweet Verdure lies;
From thence the heedless doth with Death surprise.
Mercies a Stranger, and is seldom known;
If She by Sword, or Treason Grasps a Throne.
For oh, the Horrors that attend her Will;
To Burn, to Torture, Ravish, Poison, Kill.
But that our Law, she should infect, is strange!
'Tis the *Preludium* sure, of fatal Change.
That She like *Jove*, by Raining Showers of Gold;
Should our Chaste *Dane* Ravish from her hold:
Where She for many Ages did reside,
A spotless Virgin, *England's* chiefest Pride.
But now Defil'd, her Guardians have betray'd;
Those Gates of Addamant, and thence conveigh'd
The glitt'ring Sword, with which She quel'd her Foes:
And maugur'd all, that dar'st presume so close.
But now with Shame, She hides her Angel-head,
With sable Vails her bashful face is spread.
Conquer'd by Dust is She, that did Command,
A thousand thousand, and supports the Land.
Rome fear'd her Frowns, and trembled too, but now:
No longer dwells that Terror on her Brow.
That Auful Luster is obscur'd and gone,
A dark Eclips of Midnight hurries on.
Her sacred Scales that were from Heaven sent,
With ponderous Interest are to Atoms rent.
If E're repair'd their fair toowear to hold,
Against a Storm that's intermix'd with Gold.
The feeble she may Crush, but surely know,
Her first design was never order'd so:
For she her strength against the mighty bent,
And oft in pitty spar'd the Impotent.
But since her last Affrour, she dares not own,
That *Roman* Treasons are in *England* known.
Or that to Murder Princes, was a Crime
The blackest Monster Ere was hatch'd by Time.

This

This to the height, promotes Conspiracie,
By this they prove no Plot, and all was free.
Had Angels spoken but in their behalf,
Or had their Priests but plac'd a Golden-Calf;
The Simptoms of their Cruel Thoughts had been,
Quite banished from the Stage and never seen.
Nay, now so boldly dictates haughty *Rome*,
Their Grief is past, and ours is yet to come.
That their insulting Heroes never fled;
But that's untrue, some have unpunished.
Nay, and already, as if all was done,
To make Deponents odious, they've begun.
With *Romish* querks, they scandalize the State;
Reflect on Justice, which they could Translate
To their Advantage, as for *Plebean* Eyes;
They strive to cloud'm with a false disguise.
And to perswade'm with a fond conceit;
The Plot's now vanished, twas a Counterfeit.
But Protestants beware, whil'st Crimes they Shroud;
The Tempest gathers in a louring Cloud.
All black it hangs, it bailful Drops will shed;
Like *Paris Murders*, on the Churches Head.
When least suspected sullen Fate will come,
Justice disarm'd, the next we look for's *Rome*.
Sure Hell produc'd that Villain he inherits,
The Land of Darknels, with Tempestuous Spirits.
Still may he groan in that infernal Shade:
Where *Harpies* dwell, eternal Thunders Aid.
To make his Torments full, that durst extend
His cursed Arm, or impious Thoughts could bend
Against the Viceroy of that mighty God,
Who made the World, and with an auful nod,
He Heaven, Earth and Hells Foundations shakes;
And in Protection sacred Princes takes.
Tho Men ungrateful wink at Crimes below,
His Vengeance sure will ne're be baffled so.
But pay the Traitors home, when all the Gold,
Can ne'r relieve, that *Indian*-Mines infold.

FINIS.